THE GULF COAST BREEZE.

Official Organ of Wakulla County, Florida.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

R. DON McLEOD, Jr., - - Editor.

CRAWFORDVILLE, FLORIDA.

Entered at the Postoffice at Crawfordville as second class mail matter.

One Year in Advance.....$1.00
Six Months .....50 Cents

A Western scientist claims to have discovered a lost race off the coast of Lower California. Such things are being discovered now every day at the Sheffield track across the Indiana line, observes the Chicago Times-Herald.

The Roman Catholic Church has fifty-nine Cardinals, of whom thirty-two are Italians, four Germans, four French, four Spanish, four Austrians, two Hungarians, two Portuguese, and one each English, Belgian, Irish, Ruthenian, Australian, American, and Canadian.

The Rev. Dr. Barrows, of Chicago, said in a recent lecture: "The time will come, before two centuries have passed, when the centre of the universe will be at the mouth of the Hudson, or more probably on the southwest shores of Lake Michigan, instead of on the Thames."

The Methodists of the world employ 25,000 ministers, besides local preachers. The membership is about four millions, and about four millions more attend their Sunday-schools and are members of the Epworth League. Nearly fourteen millions are instructed every week in the truths of the gospel by Methodist societies.

A long time has passed since Napoleon declared that Europe must become either republican or Cossack; and Europe is neither the one nor the other. Yet there is a base of truth underlying the brigand-Emperor's epigram. In all Western Europe democracy has made tremendous strides since England put the loser of Waterloo on his rock of St. Helena; and the first general census of Russia, just taken, shows that the population of the Czar's dominions exceeds 129,000,000 souls. With the growth of constitutional institutions in other lands the Slav has increased his stature. Russia to-day has two and one-half times the population of Germany and more than three times the population of France or the United Kingdom. There is no single Power on the Continent—it is doubtful if there are any two Powers—that could whip her, maintains the Commercial Advertiser, if Russian armies were led with a fair degree of ability and provided with an efficient commissariat department.

The London Times publishes an exhaustive account of the remarkable exploration in northern Babylonia of the Haynes University of Pennsylvania expedition, which for five years has been excavating the great mounds of Nuffar, the site of the ancient city of Nippur, the sacred city of Mullil, or the older Bel of the Semites. They form, says the Times, the greatest discoveries of modern times, carrying the history of civilization back to an antiquity never thought of. Here is one suggestive passage: "In the face of this evidence from Nippur we may have to reconsider the question of Chaldean influence on Egypt, and possibly reverse the old theory that the tower of Urgur rests upon a massive brick platform of crude brick. Excavations conducted below revealed the existence of a second pavement of much finer construction built of kiln-burnt bricks of great size, the dimensions being fifty centimeters square and of great thickness. Nearly all of these bricks were inscribed, and bore the stamps of Sargon I. and Naramsin, his son, and their date, therefore, is just one thousand years prior to the buildings of Urgur, namely, B. C. 3800. The priority of Chaldea in the use of the keystone arch is clearly established by further explorations of seven metres below the pavement of Urgur, and 4.57 metres below that of Naramsin. Since there were no great temples to crumble into ruin, it must have taken many centuries to build up the great mass of debris found there. The estimate of from 1500 to 2000 years before the time of Sargon does not seem too high."

THE TWO KINGS.

The king was riding home again
From many a hard-fought field;
And the blow of a mace had half effaced
The dragon on his shield.

His armor was rusted, and dinted, and bent,
And hanging at his side
From a baldric frayed was a broken blade;
But he rode through the town with pride.

Before him there rode a trumpeter;
And behind him, ten by ten,
With martial clank, came rank and rank,
Riding, his mail-clad men.

The streets of the king's good city
Were loyally thronged that day,
And caps were doffed and healths were quaffed
As he rode with his proud array.

Before a tavern a man-at-arms
Sat drinking the Rhenish wine;
"I'll not bend the knee, nor uncap," quote he,
"King am I, too, by right divine."

They haled him forth as the king passed by:
"Now, what may your judgment be,
Good our lord, on your slave, this churlish knave,
Who uncaps not, nor bends the knee?"

The king drew rein on his charger tall,
And halted his mail-clad men;
His stern, sad face he turned for a space
On that luckless wight, and then,

Sternly he spoke to the tossing crowd:
"No man's homage will I compel,
If yesterday, in yon deadly fray,
He deems that I fought not well."

"Nay, nay, my lord," said the knave, abashed;
"Thou art doughtiest in the land;
I stand confest; 'twas a sorry jest,
That I knelt not, cap in hand.

"But yet, in the heart of Lass Majorie,
Am I king by right divine,
By our lady's name, I thought it shame,
To kneel to peer of mine."

Then the good king laughed a royal laugh,
And a kingly oath swore he;
And his cap of steel, to his mailed heel,
He swung in his courtesie.

"Sir King, to thy kingship I doff my helm;
Long live the king, I say,
In this realm of thine, as I in mine;
May'st thou reign till thy latest day."

"But doff thy bonnet, Sir King," he said,
"Till I fill it with ruddy gold,
For a king rules best where the treasure chest
Is fullest, so I have been told."

The king rode on through the cheering crowd,
With thoughtful and downcast eye,
As one who may feel a memory steal
Upon him from days gone by.

But doubtless he pondered of kingcraft deep
And his high affairs of state,
As he and his men rode home again
To the ancient castle gate.

—W. S. Telford, in Washington Times.

THE WORTH OF THE WARNING.

HE young girl's fair face was tinged with a flush of happiness, and her lips were slightly parted with one of those rare, dreamy smiles that are expressive of ineffable joy. Her companion watched her for many minutes in silence.

"So you are engaged to be married?" said the elder woman at length, as she laid aside the painted screen with which she had been shading her eyes from the blazing logs, and turned her gaze full upon the young girl.

"Not exactly engaged, Mrs. Walton. He has asked me—about it. Somehow, when the time came, I found it a more difficult question to decide than I had ever supposed it to be, and I asked him to wait a little while and let me think it over. He is coming to-day at four o'clock for an answer. Oh, Mrs. Walton, it is a serious matter, after all, isn't it? What shall I say?"

The woman of the world smiled sadly.

"You are right, my dear," she said. "It is a serious question. The great trouble is that so many people do not consider it so. Do you love him?"

"Oh, yes, very dearly. I am miserable without him. When he is away I wish he were here. I count the hours until he will come again. I—" She paused and blushed deeply at the innocent confession.

"But with all that," she added, after a short pause, "I wonder if I love him enough. Tell me, Mrs. Walton, what the depth of one's love should be to insure its endurance and one's consequent happiness."

Mrs. Walton removed her eyes from the beautiful, pleading face, and rested her head in her hands for a time, as if in deep thought.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she said impulsively, looking up with a sudden start and drawing her chair nearer the earnest inquirer, "don't you know that you have come to me, a pronounced cynic, with the most difficult problem that has vexed the human race for ages? Can I solve it for you? Shall I try to solve it, or shall I bid you take no further heed of the matter, but marry, and learn afterward? No, no, my dear, I cannot do that. How much ought you to love him? Out of justice to yourself, and at the risk of converting you into a cynic, too, I shall answer you according to my own experience and that of hundreds of other women whom I have known.

"In the first place, you must love him so much that you can bear to see his love grow cold. Do not shudder and shrink away, my dear; it must come, sooner or later. Otherwise, he is not a normal man, for the capacity of indifference is one of the standards by which modern manhood is measured. Every marriage which is not a complete failure, must be sanctified by a certain measure of love, and this must not be diminished; so, as his affection grows weaker, yours must not only endure, but must strengthen and increase, that the deficiency may be made up. You must love him so much that you can bear to see the lover who is restless if you are out of his sight for a moment, be gradually transformed into the friend who is content to dispense with your society for three, four, five, yes, even six and seven evenings in the week. And your love must be so deep and so strong that you can forbear reproaching him for his neglect. The slightest allusion to his shortcomings would be fatal. You must learn to steer clear between the Scylla of reproach and the Charybdis of retaliation.

"You are beautiful, sweet and good, but if, in the future, some face less fair than yours, perhaps, attracts him, you must not be surprised and must suppress all jealous pain. He often tells you, now, how much he cares for you, but by and by he will begin to say it less frequently, and at last those three little words, 'I love you,' will be but a memory, as the refrain of some sweet song that you loved in days gone by, and whose melody still hovers faintly round you. And you would give your life to hear them, too. Your heart will ache so without them. He will be proud of you, and will give you money without the asking, all of which is very necessary, of course; but there will be many times when you will feel that you would be the happiest woman on earth if he would just take you in his arms and say, 'Oh, I love you so!' although he had not a dollar in the world and you would understand that you would have to work your fingers' ends off for enough to live on.

"You will weep many bitter tears over it, but you will not dare to remonstrate with him, because he will not mean to be careless. In all probability he will not know he is, and would be very indignant were any one to hint at such a thing. It is simply a man's way. There will be times when you will want to go to him and say, 'Oh, what have I done, that you should grow so cold toward me? Why don't you love me as you used to? I am well fed, well housed, and well clothed, but for all that I am starving for the dearest thing on earth to a woman—love. I would rather you would beat me once in a while, and then make up by indulging in a fit of genuine love making, than to break my heart by degrees with your indifference.' But you won't dare to do it. He would become angry and say you were unreasonable; that he cares for you, of course he does, and that you ought to know it by his uniform kindness and generosity. Oh, no, you mustn't say anything. That would be nagging, and a nagging woman is excluded from the elect both on earth below and in heaven above. A man despises a nagging woman. Were you to reproach him he would be apt to declare that you were driving him away from you! So you must smile and seem calm and serene, and bear it all as a matter of course—which it is.

"But have you any conception, my dear, of the extent of the love required to do all that? You can bear it by gradually acquiring indifference yourself, but indifference is never patient, uncomplaining, and true. Only love can be all that, and it must be a boundless love—a love that passeth all understanding. Is yours such as that? Have I frightened you, my dear little girl? It is cruel, isn't it? Perhaps it would have been better, after all, to let you live the lesson instead of having it inculcated by means of the cramming process. But I meant it for the best. Ponder over these proof sheets of experience, and store away strength. You will need it. All women do. He is only a man, you know, and he is just like the rest of them, however different you may think him. Men are not like women, because—well, because they are men."

The happy flush had died out of the young girl's face and her lips were pale and drawn.

"Oh," she cried, "it is such a horrible picture. Take some magic brush which you surely have at your command, Mrs. Walton, and paint it all away. No, no, I do not love him enough for that. I could work for him, and suffer with him, but I could not endure the dying of his love."

"But remember," resumed the other, "that love is a woman's life, and is not a modicum of the divine gift better than none at all?"

"Oh, I do not know. I cannot think. Marry him—for that? No, no, Mrs. Walton, I cannot. Tell me what to say. He will be here in a few minutes."

"My dear, do not ask me. I have said too much already."

The young girl arose and stood, tall and firm, before the woman of the world.

"I will say 'no,'" she said decisively. "I will not cultivate the best love of my woman's heart, only that I may be the uncomplaining slave of a selfish man."

He came at four o'clock.

She was very dignified, very cold, and very beautiful when he took her hand in his, but one look from his honest dark eyes brought the tell-tale flush to her cheeks again, and her lips trembled.

"Is it to be 'yes'?" he asked softly.

She shook her head.

"O," she said, "I am afraid. I love you, but you will change, I know you will. You will grow cold and——"

He cut short the sentence by drawing her close beside him and kissing her.

"Never," he said. "As you see me to-day, so will you see me ten, twenty, thirty years from now, if we live that long—only grown more devoted, perhaps, through years of common weal and woe."

She rested her head on his shoulder.

"Mrs. Walton was wrong, wasn't she?" she whispered timidly.

"What did she say?"

"Oh, she said that all men grow indifferent after the novelty of having a wife wears off, and that——"

"Oh, she's a cynic. She doesn't know what she is talking about. You mustn't pay any attention to her. Some men may do so, but I never shall."

"Why, my dear," she said, with a happy little laugh, "of course you won't. How foolish I was to think of saying 'no.'"—The Puritan.

WISE WORDS.

It is much easier to find the man you owe than the one who owes you.

Prudence and love are inconsistent; in proportion as the last increases the other decreases.

It is the unmarried lady who can give her sister points on the art of how to manage a husband.

Imagination is the stairway which the mind uses when taking the measure of some lofty projection.

Some people have the knack of making other people uncomfortable trying to make them comfortable.

The man who can write love letters without making an ass of himself has kept the matter very quiet.

Nothing is so fierce but love will soften—nothing so sharp-sighted but love will throw a mist before its eyes.

Some people are of the opinion that the horse is doomed to become extinct, but the "ass" will continue to flourish.

There is nothing that helps a man in his conduct through life more than a knowledge of his own characteristic weakness.

Every man has some peculiar train of thought which he falls back upon when he is alone. This to a great degree moulds the man.—The South-West.

Queer Belief About Bees.

In Brittany, as in many parts of Wales, bees are regarded as sentient beings, and play an important part in the family lives of the peasants who keep them. They are told all the family secrets. They are consulted in every family crisis. They are asked to rejoice and to mourn with the joying or grieving human beings to whose household they belong. At a marriage festival their hives are decked with the brightest red. At a death—a human death—their hives are swathed in the deepest black. A senseless custom? Indeed, yes; almost as senseless as that of an English widow of my acquaintance whose lap dog walks abroad clad in a coat of crape; as senseless, but not as cruel, as the custom of a French grande dame (another acquaintance of mine, alas!) who, when she goes into mourning, has her white poodle dyed black. Compare the foibles, the superstitions—and may I not almost say beliefs?—of all nations, brown and black, and red and yellow, and white, civilized and savage, and who but must say or at least think "What fools these mortals be!"

Egg From a Sheep's Fleece.

What is certainly an odd occurrence is reported from Sanilac County, Michigan. While a farmer was shearing a sheep a little brown egg fell from the fleece and broke on the floor. The shearer investigated and found a bird's nest on the sheep's back, so constructed that with ordinary treatment the eggs could not roll out, but the bird in building the nest had apparently not figured on the clipping of the wool. The nest, of course, was warmer than the ordinary kind would have been, but now the mother bird could distinguish which of the flock of sheep bore her nest is a rather difficult question.

An Immense Dandelion.

An immense dandelion, or what is there called a dandelion, was found growing under water near Augusta, Me. The plant is described as six inches across at the base, with more than eighty buds and blossoms, one of which was oval, three inches long and one and a half inches wide.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS

Watering Cows.

A dairy farmer who recently p in a system whereby each cow h her own trough always full of wat said that he was surprised at the i ked increase in the milk yield th fol- lowed. There is nothing won rful in this when we come to look the way the average cow is watered. She is supposed to have water alw s in the trough if she is in the yar but many a time the trough gets e ty, and the cow suffers for water. nd when it is seen how necessary is for the cow to have enough wate ot only for herself but for her milk we must admit that it is anything at strange that her milk yield shou n- crease when she can get water w - ever she wants it. And don't t k that because a cow is turned i e field where there is an abundan f water she will not want any when comes up to the barn, for such is the case. We have seen time again cows walk right past the str in the pasture, and then go up to yard and go to the trough to g supply of water. Just why they d we do not know, but they do it, and is our place to see that they have abundance of water in the yard or th will let us know in the milk yield.

How Beets Were Improved.

It is by successive plantings of be seed from the plants which showe the greatest percentage of sweet, th the amount of saccharine matter i the beet has been increased fro eight per cent. from the best up t fourteen and even eighteen per cent., as some of the improved French varieties have shown. Vilmorin, a French seed grower, took the lead in these experiments. It might be supposed that in testing the beets it would thereafter be impossible to use such beets for planting. But Vilmorin was very careful in testing to only scoop out a small part of the bulb, numbering each specimen, and when the test of each was completed, selecting those beets for seed which yielded the richest juices. Under this treatment, however, the beets became less productive than in those varieties grown under natural conditions. Possibly also it cannot be expected that beets yielding such big percentages of sweet should grow so large as do the varieties whose sap is not thus overladen and can therefore flow more easily. And yet it may not be any harder for nature to change the carbonic acid gas absorbed through the beet leaves sweet than it is into starch, each being different forms of the same chemical substance, carbon.

The Egg-Sucking Dog.

Some time ago we published the following: T. P. Jones, a Kansas subscriber, asks how he can break a dog from sucking or eating eggs.

The following is recommended: "Divide a heaping teaspoonful of tartar emetic into eight or ten doses. Break off the end of an egg, empty a part of the contents and stir in to the remainder left in the shell a dose of tartar emetic. Confine the dog in a room, or tie him, and give him the doctored egg. In an hour or two he will be trying to turn himself wrong side out.

"As soon as he is over the nausea give him a second egg and a third, if he will eat it. When he refuses to eat the egg, and lets it lie by him for several hours un touched, pry open his mouth and force the egg down his throat. Afterward you may trust him in your hen house.

"The object in tying the dog is to let him get nothing else to eat while he is under treatment, or he may think it was the last thing eaten that made him so sick. The idea is to convince him that eggs no longer will lie on his stomach."

We have just received the following: A Request.—Mr. Editor: Please inform your readers through your paper that the egg-sucking dog remedy that was recommended T. P. Jones is a very dangerous one.

I had a good dog and carried out the directions very carefully, and one dose only laid him out too dead to skin. It is awful severe, it made him fairly raw inside. A man ought to be prosecuted for putting such a remedy as that in a paper.

Please publish this as a kindness to others. W. E. Parsons, Chenoa, Ill.

Notwithstanding Mr. Parsons thinks we ought to be prosecuted for "putting such a remedy as that in a paper" we will say in our defense that the probabilities are that he gave his dog too small a dose. Had he given a large dose it would have made the dog sick and not have killed him.

Tartar emetic is a rank poison, but when given in large doses sickens instead of kills.

The subscriber who recommended the treatment probably had a large teaspoon, heaped it high, and, with a small dog to give the dose to, it made the dog sick and nothing more.

If a valuable dog is the offender perhaps the risk is too great to run. Try a hot egg or an egg filled with Cayenne pepper instead. — Farm, Field and Fireside.

The original manuscript of Scott's "Lady of the Lake" sold in London the other day for $6450. At the same sale the original autograph manuscript of Lord Nelson brought $5000.